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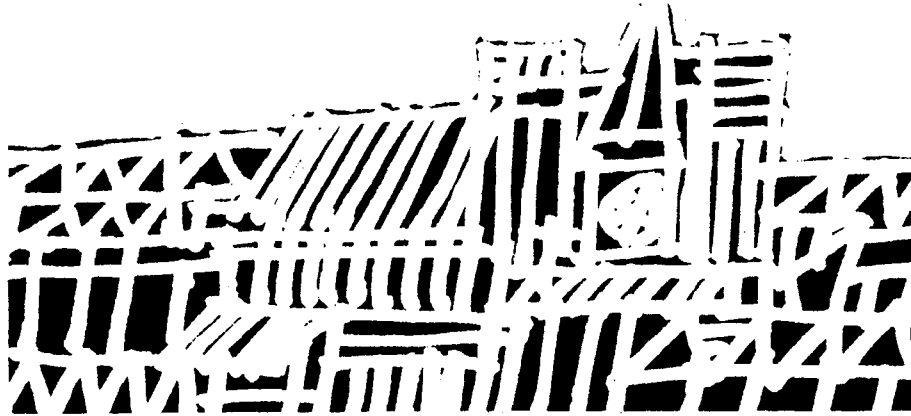
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THE MALE CHURCH

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POLITICS OF SCANDAL

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THE SONTAG SENSIBILITY

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CAMPAIGN DOLLARS

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Dept. of National Priorities: The XB-70A research bomber that crashed June 8 over the Mojave Desert was one of two planes built at a cost of \$1.2 billion. This sum is approximately as much money as the government will spend during 1966 on the anti-poverty program.

Those who wonder whether Secretary of Defense McNamara leans toward the metaphysicians, or toward the linguistic analysts, need wonder no longer. In a commencement speech in Pittsburgh, he resolved all doubt:

"One student observed: 'We don't automatically accept the value of institutions.' And another added flatly: 'Our quarrel is with Aristotle; we say man is not a social animal.' As much as one might be tempted to disagree with those sentiments, it is absolutely marvelous to hear university students seriously quarreling with Aristotle again. It may even symbolize the renaissance of metaphysics from the swampland of semanticism in which it has been bogged for so long."

The annual canonization of Joe McCarthy takes place at his grave every May. This year Sheboygan attorney Peter Reiss, 28, told the faithful that McCarthy was a saint slain by his enemy, explaining that there was some justified speculation that McCarthy was murdered. "In our quest for courage," he continued, "what better patron saint is there than Joseph McCarthy? Joe, pray for us that we may be inspired by you to develop tremendous courage." Reiss said McCarthy had great dedication to God "in spite of his personal habits."

Dale A. Johnson, writing in *Christianity & Crisis*, offers tips for future authors of theological best-sellers: commerce demands that they all have swinging titles, like *Honest to God*, *For Christ's Sake*, and *Good Grief* (a book on pastoral counseling). Undertaking some pastoral

counseling of his own, Mr. Johnson suggests some progressive titles: for a study of the contemporary Christian doctrine of eschatology, with particular attention to the role of God's judgment as well as His mercy, the title: *Who in Hell*. For a study of idolatry in its biblical context with comments on modern idols, the title: *Holy Cow*. For a work on the problem of evil that would raise again the question of why a good God allows evil to exist, the title: *Why the Devil*. And for a book on Christology, concentrating on Christ's human nature, the title: *He Cared Enough to Send the Very Best*.

Statement of the Week: Msgr. Thomas J. Fulton, chancellor of the Toronto Archdiocese, after hearing that 150 prominent Canadian laymen had petitioned the Pope to relax the birth-control ban, told the press: "One wonders what the signers of this petition hoped to achieve."

Two items we read the same day:

From an NC News dispatch: "Archbishop Krol (of Philadelphia) said 'we must acknowledge regretfully' that before, during, and since the Second Vatican Council there have been 'certain heralds' who seek to push their own views contrary to the legitimate authority in the Church. 'Various inspired by eagerness for novelty, exaggerated self-confidence, or illusions of prophetic charism,' he said, 'they preach their own views with little concern for being united with the living and common magisterium of the Church.'"

From an article in the *Critic*, by Msgr. John Tracy Ellis: "One of the key weaknesses in the attitude of Catholics generally has been a lingering reluctance or inability to scrutinize themselves and to admit defects and errors with calm and poise. In fact, some have shown an almost paranoiac reaction which would suggest an evil conspiracy and sinister

motivation on the part of those who encourage such criticism . . . there are still too many Catholics in influential positions in the United States who view public criticism of any aspect of the Church's life as tantamount to treason."

Esquire's list of "unknockables"—including Haile Selassie, Kate Smith, Mrs. Khrushchev, the Flying Wallendas, Lassie and Pope Paul—was a tribute to those among us who are beyond reproach, "the sum of human virtue in the year 1966." Richard Ryan, writing in the *Brooklyn Tablet*, soberly tried to decide whether the *Esquire* item was a joke (he couldn't) and then turned to the weightier question of whether good Catholics should be "knockables" or "unknockables." The fruit of his analysis is that we need both. Knockables, he wrote, "are a salt, a catalyst that complements the flour within the Church and permits it to rise up and give off whatever sweetness is there. . . . Each of them might very well have been the saddest of failures if they had gone without some measure of criticism and rebuke, if indeed they had been Unknockable. In a similar manner, it might have been impossible—if not a tragic waste—for people like the Peytons and the Trapps and the Father Flanagans appearing to the audience and to the time for which they came to have been anything but Unknockable."

Esquire, what hath you wrought?

The day that Ronald Reagan won the Republican primary in California, we happened to read these remarks by H. L. Mencken on the election of Coolidge: "Democracy is that system of government under which the people, having 60,000,000 native-born adult whites to choose from, including thousands who are handsome and many who are wise, pick out a Coolidge to be the head of State. It is as if a hungry man, set before a banquet prepared by master cooks and covering a table an acre in area, should turn his back upon the feast and stay his stomach by catching and eating flies."

JOHN LEO

CORRESPONDENCE

Haiti

Paris, France
To the Editors: "There is little the U.S. can do except wash its hands of the mess" (Haiti editorial, May 20). But can it? It was American military aid which armed the Tontons Macoute under the old excuse that it was defending the "free" world against Communism. (I doubt whether there were fifty Communists in Haiti.) Not all the perfumes of Arabia are going to wash out that little stain.

You consider that "the food and health programs . . . should continue . . . even if much of the food is stolen and sold privately. . . ." This is to imagine Haiti as a kind of corrupt Western country, but Haiti, apart from the governing class, is of an unimaginable poverty. There is no black market of food for the poor—they haven't the means to pay. American aid circulates in a closed ring of government auctioneers. Without it the poor will not starve any quicker, though the Tontons might begin to live less well and to have second thoughts.

To a foreigner like myself who knows a little of Haiti and of Vietnam, it seems inexplicable that America is willing to export billions of dollars in trying to prop a weak regime in Vietnam against the wishes of the people and not to spend the few hundred thousand necessary to put an end to a tyrant whose death, in comparison with Diem's, could be bought at a ten cent store. "What would happen after?" Certainly nothing that was more horrifying than the present.

GRAHAM GREENE

"Prophetic Principle"

Southwick, Mass.

To the Editors: In his article, "The Prophetic Principle" (April 29), Father Bernard G. Murchland, C.S.C., writes: "The Church might give evidence of greater charity and greater universality by admitting all baptized Christians to the communion table." Later, referring

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NEGROES WANT POWER

James Meredith's march against fear along a Mississippi highway was cut short by shotgun blasts in the presence of federal, state and local law enforcement officers. All that was lacking were the television cameras, though still photographs were made showing Meredith writhing on the ground. Mr. Katzenbach, the Attorney-General, stated the next day that Meredith had not asked his department for protection; he denied having said he didn't think the walk was important enough to warrant unsolicited federal protection. But apparently the FBI thought the walk important enough to observe, because they were observed prowling the area in their cars. So the proof of the Meredith walk is that Negroes in Mississippi do have reason to fear for their lives, that publicity, the "power of the press," will not protect them, and that federal agencies are either unwilling or unable to use the full extent of their power to provide the police protection that Negroes so badly and obviously need.

The reasonableness of Mr. Katzenbach has always been beyond question. Acquittals of civil rights murderers are "the price we must pay for the jury system," we do not want to create a national police force, the strain on federal manpower would be too great; no doubt Mr. Katzenbach's thinking reflects that of the Administration. But these are the explanations of failure. Meredith's walk was a story of that failure; the overwhelming victory of George Wallace's wife in the Alabama gubernatorial race was a story of the failure of white moderates in that state; and earlier this year the forcible eviction of starving, freezing Mississippi Negro families from Air Force barracks where they had sought shelter was a story of incredible failure. The eviction order came from Washington, and the quick relief promised by federal poverty officials was not made good two weeks after the incident. The families still live in tents.

Meredith's decision to walk through Mississippi was announced at the Washington Conference on Civil Rights sponsored by President Johnson. From all reports it was very much a staged affair in which certain subjects

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were taboo. One of these subjects was the economic effects the war in Vietnam was having on the poverty program. Another was a full critique of the inadequate role the Justice Department has been playing in rights enforcement in the South. And, not surprisingly, another item muffled was discussion of the FBI's performance in the South, which has been so ineffectual as to lead Dr. Arnold S. Trebach, director of the Howard University Human Rights Program, to say that the most important recommendations in the Conference report could not be implemented "unless we can deal" with the problem of the FBI. The target of his remarks was none other than J. Edgar Hoover, whose early replacement he called for, "not by a man of his own choosing, but by an individual of the caliber of a Supreme Court Justice."

The Conference was boycotted by the SNCC leadership, which thought these taboo areas were relevant and that any legislation resulting from the Conference would be irrelevant if they were not dealt with. Stokely Carmichael, the new national director of SNCC, has called instead for the development of "black power." Some newsmen covering the continuation of the Mississippi walk after the Meredith shooting reported hostility against whites among the Negroes and raised the question of "black racism."

However, the question of "black racism" aside, it is beginning to be apparent that the demands for black power are the outcome of a real situation in which Negroes find themselves after passage of the most sweeping civil rights legislation in history. The bid for black power is either the result of an intense frustration with the intolerably slow pace of progress in civil rights, or a new realization of just how little sympathetic whites are able to help a minority without power in its own right.

Some things are undoubtedly becoming clear. As long as the white Democratic party in the South wields the power, is recognized by the national party and is recipient of federal patronage (with results like the Negro families spending the winter in tents), President Johnson and his Justice Department will be of two minds in enforcing rights and protecting Negroes in the South. Those who are on the scene, whites as well as blacks, know the meaning of power in Washington. The Negroes will have to struggle for that power as well as for the justice of their cause, and it is good that they have begun.

'VICTORY' FOR ST. JOHN'S

Commencement day at St. John's University: one or two hundred pickets, many of them in academic robes; an undistinguished roll call of honorary doctorates, headed by the name of Patrick Frawley, the socially benighted millionaire industrialist and heavy contributor to radical right-wing causes; diplomas for 2,500 students—most of them, we suppose, delighted to be leaving the battlefield;

and a commencement address by John J. Meng, a party to the disastrous Vincentian policies, who tragically tried once again to depict himself as a reasonable moderate victimized by "a lack of sound professional judgment on both sides" of the St. John's dispute. (The teachers' union, by the way, takes a similar view of Dr. Meng, charging that he secretly called the Archbishop of Chicago and asked that strike leader Father Peter O'Reilly, a diocesan priest from Chicago, be ordered to leave St. John's.)

The commencement, in a sense, is the end of the affair and a victory for the Vincentian Administration. The strike has failed, in that the teachers who were summarily dismissed last December were not rehired. The failure on this level was foreshadowed last January when the student body, after some initial hesitation, declined to walk out in protest. Only direct student action of this kind could have forced the Vincentians to come to terms. But none developed. As one new graduate said, "I knew the Administration was dead wrong, but I couldn't endanger my future by risking expulsion when I was so close to my degree." This student, like many another, chose to be an onlooker rather than a participant—or rather, by accepting the status quo in order to assure his own advancement, he threw his weight to the side he knew was in the wrong.

The student's remark may be the key to the Administration victory. A docile student body, allegedly trained to pursue moral principle with Christian vigor, managed to avoid the kind of commitment that would have saved the Administration in spite of itself. The same might be said of the dissenting Vincentians who managed to remain silent—except the motive here appears to be team spirit rather than simple self-advancement. Only now are the rumors of dissent within the St. John's Vincentian community beginning to be verified. One—Father Bernard Reilly, now in Baltimore—acknowledged that he asked for a transfer in protest against the reigning policy at St. John's.

If more Vincentians or students had spoken up, or if ecclesiastics of stature had cared enough about a just solution to the controversy, the outcome might have been far different. As it is, the Vincentian Administration has won its victory. The immediate results have been the loss of a large number of its best teachers, a censure from the AAUP, the endangering of official accreditation, a forced cutback of 25 percent in freshman enrollment

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for 1966-67; and the virtually unanimous opposition of the national intellectual community—which will translate into poorer and poorer students and poorer and poorer teachers as the years go by. At any step along the way, St. John's might have salvaged its reputation in the academic community by a slight show of flexibility. As it is, the Administration's iron inflexibility produced the expected pyrrhic victory that St. John's—and Catholic higher education in general—will be a long while living down.

RONALD REAGAN, STAR

It started with George Murphy in 1964. He was a dancer, a foil to Shirley Temple; clean-cut, nice-guy parts, everybody liked him, and his old movies were still running on the late show. In other words, a natural candidate for the Senate. He won and the floodgates were opened. Ronald Reagan has now trickled through those gates. Same plot, only this time no Shirley Temple. But it didn't matter: clean-cut, nice-guy parts, everybody liked him, and his movies were still running on the late show also. Naturally, he won. His first victim was the hapless former mayor of San Francisco, George Christopher. Everyone thought it would be a close race, but it wasn't. Reagan took it by 2-1. You can't beat TV and nice guys these days. Governor Brown will have to try, though. He won his contest against Sam Yorty, but it was tough. The November race for Governor of California shapes up as a close one.

Why should this be? We mentioned Reagan's nice guy image. That's not the whole story. There is the factionalism of the Democrats in Southern California; their best fighting is with each other. Then there's the toll which too many battles have taken for Governor Brown. He is, they say, tired: tired of fighting with his own party, with the California legislature, with Jesse Unruh. Mr. Reagan has played a cool game. His first pitch was to the radical right. This was a natural with California Republicans; that was their direction and he followed it. But he changed his tune in the primary race; he was quickly becoming a moderate and taking aim at the dead center. It worked, splendidly. "There is nothing in my philosophy," Reagan

said, "that doesn't cross party lines. Reduced to simple terms, it is a belief in the capacity of the people for self-government." That kind of talk will hurt Brown. Nice guys, TV heroes, philosophers of the fog, are unbeatable these days.

What if Reagan does win? In that case, they say, he will become a "factor" (as the *N.Y. Times* vaguely put it) in the 1968 Presidential race. We can't see it. What would the ticket be? Nixon and Reagan? Hardly; they're both from California. Romney and Reagan? Not likely; that kind of combination would appeal to few—no élan there. But Reagan could exert some leverage. He might force another conservative on the Republican ticket. People would point to Reagan and say, see, a conservative can win. Especially if he is a nice guy who can slide back and forth between the radical right and the radical center. That brings us back to Mr. Nixon. He holds the patent on the Reagan formula. But he is a loser twice over. The Republicans have a problem. It won't go away.

The Democratic Left, however, has an even greater problem. They're in the party of "consensus" politics, led by Mr. Consensus himself. And they have their own image problem. To the public, they are just the other side of the radical coin—"far left" and "far right" are equally abhorred by the middle. For safe and sane Democrats, the Left provides a nice whipping boy. See, they say, we're not like those people—"they're not Democrats at all." The black sheep in one's own family are sometimes more useful than the black sheep in someone else's family. The Democratic middle makes the most of this.

Robert Scheer's close loss in a Democratic Congressional primary in Oakland and Berkeley may give the middle something to think about. Scheer is young, barely known to the general public, and clearly of the "far left." In running against the incumbent, Rep. Jeffery Cohelan, he was running against a blue-ribbon liberal; it seemed impossible there could be any contest at all. Yet Scheer got 45 percent of the votes, a spectacular result and a moral victory if ever there was one. This result hardly proves that "peace candidates" may have a real future in American politics. But it could mean that they will have to be reckoned with in the Democratic Party. If a candidate as improbable as Ronald Reagan can have a future, then anyone can.



FROM CANADA

POLITICS OF SCANDAL

Far more important than the questions of security raised by Canada's Gerda Munsinger affair this spring was the question of national survival that it raised. On the surface, the affair revealed to Canadians that their defense secrets could have been endangered by a liaison

between a former Tory cabinet minister in a sensitive post and a handsome blonde with a background of minor league espionage in post-war East Germany and prostitution in Ottawa. But it showed thoughtful Canadians something far more dangerous about themselves: that

any issue—even an irrelevant issue—can, at any unexpected moment, threaten to split Canada into two nations. So uneasy is the coexistence of French Canada with the rest of the country that, 99 years after Canada rejected the melting pot of its southern neighbor and opted for two-cultures-in-confederation, confederation can be threatened by happenstance.

It was a proud and wounded French Canadian—Lucien Cardin, minister of justice in the cabinet of Liberal Prime Minister Lester B. Pearson—who demonstrated that. In anguish and disgrace, Cardin pulled back from one crisis and, in anger and retaliation, opened another, the Munsinger affair. For months, Cardin had been resisting the most intense pressure of John Diefenbaker's opposition Conservatives for an investigation into his handling of a spy case that involved no sex. Rather, it involved an obscure postal clerk in remote British Columbia, George Victor Spencer, who had admitted accepting \$3,000 or \$4,000 from the Russians for recruiting spies and for passing along secrets about the 2,500-mile Canada natural gas pipeline.

Spencer was fired by the Pearson government, denied a government pension—and denied a trial by Cardin, who insisted a trial would necessarily disclose information useful to the Russians. Diefenbaker's Conservatives made this a civil liberties case. They accused the Liberals of treating Spencer shabbily. "What has been done to Spencer," thundered Diefenbaker in Parliament, "serves neither justice nor national security. He has been scourged by despotism. He has been denied human rights. He has been convicted by public opinion without evidence. He carries with him forever the stigma of a traitor to his country."

For weeks Cardin steadfastly rejected the Tories' demand that Spencer be given his day in court or at least a judicial inquiry into the denial of his pension rights. Then Pearson pulled the rug out from under his justice minister. He said if Spencer wanted a hearing he would have one. And in what must certainly be one of the most unusual telephone calls in history, the prime minister of Canada called a confessed spy to ask if he wanted an investigation into his loss of a pension.

"Yes," replied Spencer, 3,000 miles away, "that would be nice."

Four days before the investigation was to have gotten underway in April, Spencer was found dead in his home. His death was natural and the questions his treatment had raised became academic. But not for the heart-broken Cardin, who felt betrayed at the hands of his chief before Parliament and—worse—before Diefenbaker, an old antagonist who, misquoting Shakespeare, attacked Cardin during the Spencer debate as "a proud man, dressed in a little brief authority, most ignorant of that which he is most assured." Humiliated, Cardin submitted his resignation to Pearson. But the prime minister would not accept it. He could not have survived it. If

Cardin were to leave, at least three other French Canadians would have quit the cabinet with him and Pearson's government would have fallen. A French walkout would have enraged the French community—and revived thoughts of secession.

It had been Pearson's triumph to convert the French to Liberalism. In defeating Diefenbaker in 1963, he drew half his strength from Quebec, the 80 percent French province and, in a masterstroke, he persuaded some of the best French minds in Canada to sit in his cabinet. Energy that might have gone into Separatism was devoted instead to national problems. That is the genius of "Mike" Pearson. He excels at diplomacy, where compromise is achievement; he has little stomach for parliamentary infighting, where compromise is weakness.

At the last moment, Cardin swallowed his pride and stood by Pearson. But he knew that if, out of loyalty, he could not resign, he also knew that, out of necessity, he could not be removed. It was time to strike back. And his weapon was Gerda Munsinger and his Justice Ministry files on her.

"Hear, Hear"

Here is how *Hansard*, the journal of House of Commons debate, records Cardin's veiled reference to Gerda Munsinger, using "Monseignor" as a euphemism which fooled few:

Cardin: A while ago, the right honorable gentleman (Diefenbaker) was accusing us of hiding the truth, of hiding evidence from the committee. Well, I can tell the right honorable gentleman that of all members of the House of Commons he—I repeat, he—is the very last person in the House who can afford to give advice on the handling of security cases in Canada.

Some honorable gentlemen: Hear, hear.

Cardin: And I am not kidding.

Some honorable gentlemen: Hear, hear.

Diefenbaker: And again applause from the prime minister. I want that on the record.

Cardin: I understand the right honorable gentleman wants that on the record. Would he want me to go on and give more?

Some honorable gentlemen: Go on. He wants it.

Cardin: I want the right honorable gentleman to tell the House about his participation in the Monseignor case when he was prime minister of this country.

Some honorable gentlemen: Hear, hear.

Diefenbaker: I am not worried. Have your commission look into it. Put it on the agenda.

Some honorable gentlemen: Oh, oh.

Cardin: Mr. Chairman—

Robert Muir, a Conservative: Speak up or shut up.

Cardin: I have spoken . . .

And thus was born a scandal. The following day, Cardin, chain smoking and showing the strain, cla-

borated at a news conference. He said he had had enough of Conservative accusations. From now on he would meet their attempts "at blackmail with blackmail, at insinuations with insinuations." He declared the scandal—which, in some respects, was "worse than Profumo"—involved former Diefenbaker ministers—"ministers plural"—who had been "involved" with an "Olga" Munsinger who had died, he understood, of leukemia in East Germany. She had been "engaged in espionage" before coming to Canada; this was a "bona fide security case," a security hazard if not a security breach.

It took an enterprising Toronto *Star* reporter only 24 hours to fly to Munich and find Gerda—not Olga—Munsinger alive and working as a hostess in a respectable cabaret. "Perhaps it's about Sevigny?" she asked the reporter. It indeed was about Pierre Sevigny, a war hero who lost his left leg in the Battle of the Bulge, a member of one of Canada's oldest families, the son of a former speaker of the House of Commons, the associate defense minister in Diefenbaker's cabinet until 1963.

After first denying having known a woman by that name, he called newsmen into his living room and, flanked by his family, he said he had met Mrs. Munsinger "socially a few times" in 1959. But she was no spy. "I shall expose to the nation in my name and in the name of the millions who are equally outraged our utter contempt for this cheap, despicable little man, Lucien Cardin, the supposed minister of justice who has dishonored his oath of office, who has brought this odious, erroneous nonsense in front of the public for dirty, petty, political reasons," he said.

For four acrid days, Parliament debated the terms of a judicial inquiry into Cardin's charges. Diefenbaker accused the Liberals of spreading "smear, scuttlebutt, slander and smut." Tory Alvin Hamilton said Cardin "like an animal who has rabies . . . must be put out of

his misery." And of Pearson: "Cardin is so small he will be forgotten by history. But this man will be remembered as the man who pulled Parliament and the country down . . . He will pay any price just to delay for a few hours, a few weeks or a few months his departure from office."

Canada was entranced. Newsstands sold out; radio stations interrupted programs with bulletins announcing Mrs. Munsinger had not arrived, as rumored, on the latest flight from Munich. And 3,500 citizens waited in line for hours outside the Gothic Parliament building, vainly hoping to watch the debate.

The outnumbered Conservatives finally folded. They could not prevent an inquiry. Conducted by Justice Wishart F. Spence of the Canada Supreme Court, the inquiry brought forth testimony from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police that Sevigny had once spent a night in Mrs. Munsinger's apartment and evidence linking her with prostitution and Montreal racketeers. No evidence that she had spied in Canada was presented.

But even if Cardin's claim that a Conservative minister had opened himself to blackmail more than five years ago and thus risked Canadian security was substantiated, the price was painfully high. The two grand old men of Canadian politics were tarnished. John Diefenbaker, 70, who would dearly love to govern Canada again in 1967, the year of confederation's centennial, was shown to have sloppily brushed aside the Mounties' evidence that his associate defense minister had invited blackmail. Lester Pearson was shown to be the captor and not the master of his grand alliance with the French Canadians. And the fabric of Canadian nationhood, after 99 years, was shown to be still dangerously fragile.

MYRON FEINSILBER

(Mr. Feinsilber is a member of the New York staff of the United Press International.)



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

CAMPAIGN DOLLARS

No one expects President Johnson's proposals for reform of campaign spending to be enacted into law in this Congress, but at least his message of May 26 keeps the issue alive and improves the prospects of passage in the future.

One clue to the difficulties the bill will encounter is the identity of its Senate sponsor. The President had hoped to persuade Senator Howard W. Cannon, the chairman of the subcommittee on privileges and elections, to offer the bill since it would be referred to his subcommittee. But Cannon, a Nevada Democrat and a hard-bitten politician, objected to some sections of the bill. In the end, the Administration had to turn to Senator Joseph S.

Clark of Pennsylvania, an active but rather lonely crusader on this issue. The bill which had been moderated somewhat in the unsuccessful effort to lure Cannon was thus introduced by Clark who, as he did so, made suggestions for toughening it. The ways of consensus politics are not easy.

The first federal legislation on campaign financing was passed almost a century ago. In 1867, Congress forbade any political assessments against the salaries of federal employees. (In some state and county governments, it has been the practice even in recent years to organize employees into "clubs" and assess them two or three percent of their salaries as "dues" which then went to the political

party in power.) In 1907 nationally-chartered banks and corporations were forbidden to contribute to political campaigns. In 1910 and 1911, laws were enacted requiring candidates for the House and Senate to file statements of campaign receipts and expenditures and to limit the amounts they could spend. These laws and various minor amendments were codified in the Federal Corrupt Practices Act of 1925 which remains the basic law.

But Congress periodically returns to the problem. The Hatch Act in 1939 limited individual campaign contributions to \$5,000 and limited national political committees to \$3,000,000 in expenditures in a single year. The Taft-Hartley Act spelled out careful prohibitions on political spending by unions.

None of these laws has proved particularly effective. The ingenuity of the politicians in raising money always runs ahead of their efforts to restrain evil practices. The Corrupt Practices Act, for example, only regulates the reporting of receipts and expenditures of political committees that are active in two or more states. To beat this, similar committees are organized in each state. The ceilings established in the Hatch Act apply to each political committee. As a result, every candidate usually has several committees, each of them free to collect a \$5,000 contribution from the same person and free to spend up to \$3,000,000 in the same national campaign. The prohibition on labor's spending in politics applies only to the unions themselves; there is nothing to prevent each union from forming an "independent" committee on political education and dunning union members to contribute. And if paid union officials are away from their desks a good deal during campaigns, who is to complain about how much time they volunteer in the service of the political education committees? Similarly, corporations cannot contribute but their officials can, and it is almost impossible to prevent corporations from reimbursing these officials by giving them a Christmas bonus for the same amount or permitting them to conceal such political gifts under other headings on their expense accounts. Even federal employees, despite that 1867 law, are not secure, for there is always a \$100-a-plate dinner ticket they can buy.

New Commissioner?

President Johnson has accurately described these regulations as more "loophole than law." He would do away with the evasion of the Hatch Act ceilings by abolishing them as unenforceable. He would tighten the Corrupt Practices Act by requiring committees that operate in only one state to report their spending. Primaries as well as general elections would once again be covered by the reporting requirements. (Candidates in primaries had to report their income and outgo from 1910 to 1921, but in the latter year, a Supreme Court that was much more strict in its construction of the Constitution than any re-

cent court, ruled that the Founding Fathers could not have intended to regulate primaries because such things did not exist in 1789). Mr. Johnson would also tighten and clarify the reporting provision. At the present time, candidates can file lists of contributors with information so skeletal as to be meaningless, such as: "A. Smith, New York City, \$250." Full names and addresses would be required under the new law.

A Controversial Recommendation

President Johnson made two related recommendations. One was for a tax deduction up to \$100 for political contributions. The other would require Senators and Representatives to make an annual public disclosure of gifts in excess of \$100 received by themselves, their wives and children, and of all income from personal effort.

The tax proposal is highly controversial. Some liberals do not like to put another exemption in a tax law that is already perforated with exemptions. Other members of Congress resist tax assistance as a first step toward direct Government subsidy of campaign costs which is the practice in some foreign countries.

Senator Clifford Case, New Jersey Republican, quickly pointed out that Mr. Johnson's suggested disclosure of income by members of Congress is less than cheat-proof. It would not, for example, cover trust funds or capital gains from the sale of assets. He and Senator Clark have both introduced disclosure bills that are considerably more comprehensive.

Clark, in introducing the Administration bill, urged that campaign financial statements be filed not with the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate, who are politicians themselves and eager not to offend any member, but with the Comptroller General. He would have the legal duty of investigating the accuracy and completeness of these reports and reporting any misstatements or omissions to the Justice Department. Others believe that an independent Federal Election Commissioner should be established. The idea of bringing the Comptroller General into the picture was in an early draft of the Administration bill, but it was dropped in the effort to win broader backing in Congress. Everyone recognizes that this provision is crucial since a campaign statement, like a tax return, is usually accurate in direct proportion to one's fear of the auditor.

There is finally the matter of ceilings on spending. The United States is alone among the mature self-governing countries in permitting these extraordinary sums to be spent in political campaigns. If Congress were willing to establish adequate enforcement machinery, there seems no reason why realistic ceilings could not be set and maintained. A useful coming together of realism and idealism is hard to achieve in the sphere of political finance, however, where cynicism has prevailed for so long.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

THE MALE CHURCH



A history to live down

ARLENE SWIDLER



Secular historians have pointed out that movements for a higher position for women always parallel other movements toward liberalization. So it should be no surprise that the new impetus for a larger role for woman in the Church is being spurred by developments in the ecumenical, liturgical and legal fields. But what is needed? Canon law would be a good place to start.

There have been complaints about the discrimination in canon law for some time now, and the sisters in this country have officially asked for some kind of representation in the new commission to rewrite canon law. Actually, most of the perhaps two dozen canons which deal with women are trivial, amusing, or at most insulting rather than seriously limiting; the canon forbidding women to present a cause for canonization, directing nuns to have their cardinal protector do it for them, is a good example. But the effect on clerical thinking and pastoral theology is another matter. Trivial canon laws play their part in making it more difficult for some women to achieve spiritual growth. And this is extremely important.

Even the membership of the married woman in her parish is presented as inferior to that of the man. Canon 93 states that a necessary or legal domicile is imposed on three classes of persons: wives, children and the insane. Practically this is unimportant. What *is* important is that this suggests that a woman is a member of the parish through the membership of her husband. And Canon 98 states that if parents belong to different rites, the child must be baptized in the rite of its father. Similarly, a woman can change to the rite of her husband

without special permission, but the man cannot change to that of his wife.

Consider the election of religious superiors. Male groups of religious merely assemble and hold their election. In groups of females the bishop may preside over the assembly if he wishes, and if they are a diocesan congregation he brings along two priests as tellers or *scrutatores*—perhaps the old idea that women just aren't good at math makes it prudent to import males to count ballots.

At this point the sisters have still not been granted representation, and there are misgivings about the very kind of representation they may be given. The tendency on various ecclesiastical levels has been to appoint officers of women's clubs—the most obvious sort of tokenism. These women are apparently expected to provide the current feminine thinking, or perhaps feeling is more accurate, on the subject rather than to contribute any new ideas, while women of the stature of Barbara Ward are overlooked. It is still difficult for sisters to provide competent theologians from among themselves: those who do study in Rome are given only a diploma instead of a doctorate.

Women in the Liturgy

Another major source of irritation is the "common propers" in the liturgy. Women saints are classified as virgin martyrs, plain virgins, plain martyrs, and neither-virgins-nor-martyrs. All most women can look forward to is being a neither-virgin-nor-martyr. The possibilities for males are much greater: pope, abbot, bishops, martyr (and various combinations) doctor or confessor. Why are there no Masses for male virgins? Why none for abbesses? Why none for women doctors? (The Mass for St.

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Teresa of Avila is that of a virgin.) And the big catch-all, confessor, applies only to men. Why cannot the woman who recites each Sunday morning "I confess one baptism for the remission of sins" be referred to as a confessor? How much nicer to be a confessor than a neither-virgin-nor-martyr! The oration for a woman martyr, which begins, "O God, who among other miracles of your power has granted the victory of martyrdom even to the fragile sex . . ." is of course totally unrealistic, as any meditation on Peter's threefold denial and the women at the foot of the cross testifies.

All of this, however, is less important than the real question of participation. Too often the attitude seems to be that women have always been faithful in their attendance at services and pastors are thus perfectly free to devote their attention to bringing the men in. The new developments in the liturgy suggest otherwise. Sociological studies in Germany, where men have been somewhat negligent in attendance at Mass, indicate that a meaningful liturgy in the vernacular will draw men and women in equal numbers. It will be some time, of course, before our pastors teach us to remold our piety into a more communal, less individualistic form, but if women then discover that they are not really an integral part of the praying community—that they may not sing or read—there may very well be a real spiritual crisis.

The recent demise of *Novena Notes* with its statement that "When novenas were very popular in the early 1940's, they provided a marvelous opportunity for the people to come together and pray and sing in their own language" suggests that it was not merely the somewhat sentimental prayers which drew the predominantly female congregation, but the need to be active participants, to be personally involved. Canon law, of course, says nothing about women lectors, stressing only that women act as ministrants from afar. The first of the two news releases on the subject from Rome made it quite clear that the suggestions that men fill the role of lector were only suggestions and not binding.

Priesthood for Women

Both of these areas, the treatment of women in canon law and participation in the liturgy, culminate in the same climax: the priesthood for women. If women can become priests they will help to reform canon law, eliminating inequities; and they will of course also be allowed to participate in the liturgy. The priesthood has thus become something of a symbol and a rallying point.

This is most unfortunate. The average person, cleric or lay, has not given much thought or study to the question and yet often feels compelled to take a stand. And it is possible that the priesthood may thus be relegated to a mere means. There are two completely separate aspects of this question: first, is it possible for women to be ordained priests—is the ban on women priests a divine

law or a church disciplinary law like clerical celibacy or Friday abstinence? And secondly, is ordaining women practical? Would it be for the good of the Church? It is quite possible to answer *yes* to one of these questions and *no* to the other.

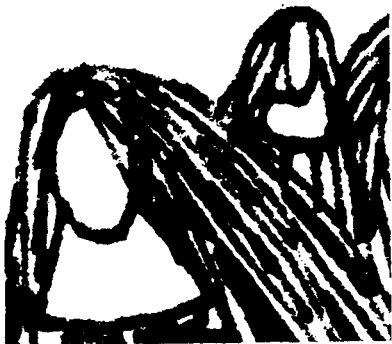
Recent study—notably two doctoral theses by Jesuits, Haye van der Meer at Innsbruck in 1962 and Jose Idegoras at Lima in 1964—indicates that there does not now exist any *theological* reason why women are or are not fit subject for ordination. The majority of the important arguments against women priests have centered on the Bible, either in the life of Christ or in the writings of St. Paul. The usual answer to the fact that Jesus chose only men as apostles and disciples is that these were the conditions of the times and place in which Christ lived. This answer is somewhat more profound than may first appear. Luke, in Acts 1:8 and 1:24, uses the words for witness and for apostle synonymously. "When the Holy Ghost has come upon you, you shall be my witnesses in Jerusalem." "But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be my witnesses. . . ." The Old Testament did not permit women to be witnesses; moreover, Jewish women were not encouraged to know their scriptures and would have been unable to quote prophecies and attest to the Messiahship of Jesus.

Such aspects are easily overlooked by the non-theologian, who fails to recognize the extent to which Jesus worked within the Jewish framework. A Protestant scholar has also suggested that Jesus chose twelve disciples to represent the twelve tribes of the New Israel, and it was not until after his death that either a gentile or a woman would be chosen. St. Paul, on the other hand, makes it quite clear that he is basing his commands on the Old Testament; he refers to the Fall a number of times.

Here we must remember that Genesis contains two separate accounts of creation. Genesis 1 says "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them." Although this is the first account to appear in Genesis, it was actually written later. Genesis 2ff. comes from a different tradition, and we might note that here not only is man created before women, but also before plants and other animals. It is the story of Adam and Eve, of Eve's seduction by the serpent and the curse upon her: your husband shall rule over you. Paul consistently refers to the second account, unlike the recent popes who have pointedly referred to women as made in the image of God.

In 1 Cor. 11 Paul states that a woman should cover her hair when she prays or prophesies. His reasoning is from Genesis 2: woman was made from man and is therefore created for man, and woman is not created in the image of God. 1 Cor. 14 is concerned chiefly with the building up of the community. Everything is to be orderly and dignified. The Greek does not say "Let the

women keep silence in the churches," but "Let *your* women be silent"—in other words, the wives. Paul continues, "If there is anything they desire to know, let them ask their husbands at home." The third passage seems to be the clearest. This is the second chapter of the first letter to Timothy. "I permit no woman to teach or to have authority over men; she is to keep silent." Just a few verses earlier Paul says that women should adorn themselves modestly and sensibly in seemingly apparel, not with braided hair or gold or pearls or costly attire. The one passage is considered binding, the other not.



Here is the principal objection to all of the arguments based on Paul. The Epistles are filled with admonitions which we do not find binding today. Christians are not to go to court. Slaves are to honor their masters as they would Christ. By what principle are some represented as eternally valid and some as merely temporal conditions?

The letters to the editors columns of various papers show more and more women basing their petitions and demands on an analogy to the rise of the Negro. This is more than a political expedient. Many of the passages dealing with women in the epistles have parallels dealing with slaves. The famous "Haustafeln" passage, for example, in Eph. 5:21-6:9, which begins "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as to the Lord," concludes, "Slaves, be obedient to those who are your earthly masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as to Christ." Here is another example of a passage part of which is considered binding and part not. Father van der Meer has pointed out that in the early Church the condition of woman was sometimes listed as a form of slavery, and even today servitude, or slavery, is listed as an impediment to ordination. Father Idegoras believes there is a relationship between the exclusion of women and slaves from orders and the slow growth of a native clergy in missionary countries.

As these arguments are slowly developed and accepted (Father van de Meer defended his thesis before Karl Rahner, some of whose ideas he refuted in the thesis) the emphasis turns more to the advisability of ordaining women. Msgr. Charles Owen Rice tells us that he really shudders at the idea of women priests. "Women priests! That means women bishops! More power than a good woman would want or than a normally weak woman should have. A female boss!" Frau Ida Goerres, after

submitting a number of the usual arguments—women have a "way of 'taking everything personally,' of drawing others into their emotional life, taking an interest in them, going into intimate details, using affection to influence people, clinging to them"—worries about "the prominent part that the erotic plays at every level of their life," an original twist, to be sure.

Frau Goerres notes that priests are not opposing the movement: "there is a rather embarrassed silence, with here and there a tendency to conciliate, even a bashful sympathy." This she attributes to the general embarrassment in the world today at being caught in any position of privilege. She herself is most unsympathetic. "None of this," she says, "will come as a surprise to anyone who has an inkling of the fierce female drive for recognition and power."

A position different from any of these is taken by Maria Schouwenaars, a Belgian educator who has been invited as guest theology professor both in this country and in Canada. She is one of the many people who are repelled by the talk of rights in relation to the priesthood. Instead she advocates that women find their own special task in the apostolate. But in finding her own place, she discovered that her work was often obstructed just because women cannot be ordained. For example, she often found herself working with prostitutes, sometimes the same women over a long period of time. She talked with them and helped them sometimes for years before they had understood the real meaning of Christianity and their own purpose in life—before they were prepared for a real conversion—and then when they wished to return to the Church, she was unable to receive them. Instead they had to go to a stranger, a male, and relive the discussion of years. Obviously this was often impossible.

She also discovered that sisters, especially missionary sisters, often felt there was a real need for ordained women. In the East, of course, a male priest cannot work with women without bringing suspicion upon himself—this is the reason for the orders of sister-doctors. But missionary sisters themselves, when they work in very small groups, must either do without a priest and the sacraments or have their own chaplain and realize they are keeping him from working with people who are much farther from God. If there is any place where a woman priest would be in order, this would seem to be it.

Despite the study, writing and petitioning of a growing number of women, the Church apparently still hopes the problem will go away if ignored. The January issue of the bulletin of St. Joan's Alliance notes that the eloquent and moving speeches of the Council Fathers were well received; "there were no rebuffs and no reasoned opposition, but the argument was dropped." With the increasing fears of European women that the whole intellectual professional class of women will continue to trickle out of the Church, we cannot afford to wait another fifty years.

THE SONTAG SENSIBILITY



PAUL VELDE

A soup can transferred in its pristine state to a painter's canvas might be a hilarious comment on our packaged civilization. Or, on a despairing note, it might symbolize the decline of the West. Or it might be just a soup can we are being asked to view, a soup can admittedly in an entirely different context from what we are used to, but a soup can all the same. The first two possibilities involve interpretations, banal as they might be. Only the third possibility offers a new way of seeing the soup can. Paradoxically, it is the interpretive approach that protects our usual sense of a soup can—we never see it on the canvas, but only the comment or symbol—while the third approach of simply seeing a soup can opens up on a new sensibility. I take it this is what Susan Sontag means in her collection of criticism, *Against Interpretation* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95), when she argues that the traditional fixation on the content of art is inadequate to the “new sensibility.” By the “new sensibility” she means pretty much all that, to her mind, is fresh and interesting in current art. This includes happenings, pop art, the “theater of cruelty,” Godard films, the mad doings of “Marat/Sade,” all of which, she would argue, offer new ways of seeing and feeling things.

The new sensibility puts the accent on the senses. More specifically, it is concerned with regions of feeling, like sadism, that have been inoperative in art, and culture, like soup cans and high art, that have been generally thought to be mutually exclusive. Miss Sontag is the most fluent, and well-known, of a small group of liaison critics who travel between the new art world and the intellectual community at large. Her arrival on the critical scene a few years ago, from Harvard graduate philosophy, roughly coincided with the arrival of the new art, which was just then gaining its first public recognition through the efforts of a few experimental museum directors and wealthy patrons. Since then she has been variously busy proclaiming the hidden gods of the senses, publishing a difficult but interesting first novel, *The Benefactor*, and earning a reputation for herself as a very formidable critic.

There are two traits in her writing that are worth noticing first off, because they bear on the role she has cut out for herself as a critic, and because they may tell

us something about what she is actually doing. One is the civilized urbane: “I, for one, do not doubt that the sane view of the world is the true one” (in discussing the esthetic truth in Simone Weil’s fanatical asceticism); and the other is the novel extreme, as in her concept of form as a wit(ty) manifestation of the will: “form is the will at play with itself.” The two traits relate to each other as adjuncts, the world “out there” and the world “in here.”

Her own essays, particularly her “Notes on ‘Camp,’” which gained notoriety last year after *Time* magazine picked it up and which is included here, could stand as models of the will hard at play. In the “Camp” piece, the elusive commodity, “style,” “exaggeration,” “‘too much,’” is juggled over 17 virtually seamless pages thick with tentative definitions and discrete examples—and in the best tradition she doesn’t miss a turn. A lady walking around in a dress made of three million feathers is camp, we are told, and so is much of the public manner of President de Gaulle.

Miss Sontag admires seamlessness in art, and her own manner tends to be seamless in the extreme; her best efforts defy interpretation, again the essay on camp, or her extended analysis of Godard’s “Vivre Sa Vie,” which seemed to me the best thing in the book. If her taste for the new art seems eccentric and at times willful, it is probably because it exists side by side with a well-endowed “normal” sensibility and critical acumen. This latter side is deployed with satisfying results in her essays on Michel Leiris and Lévi-Strauss, but the style and command of subject are peculiar (it might bear repeating again) only against the “erotics of art” that she wishes to announce, and the decidedly perverse nature of that erotics.

“One of Those”

The charge of perversity has a curious ring in America. One is reminded of the funny, but very real, scene in “Dr. Strangelove” when Peter Sellers is accosted by a narrow-eyed, gun-toting American colonel who wonders if he is “one of those preverts.” The joke is probably the most frequently quoted from the film, and its political overtones in this society are very audible. In a word, it draws the line between work-a-day America

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and the New York-Selma-Berkeley circuit; strangled respectability and its cool—and not so cool—drop-outs. The difference in cultural experience between the two worlds can only jokingly be called a lag.

The same bitter line can be drawn in the arts, and it can probably be traced in the degeneration of the meaning of “fancy” from the imaginative faculty to something willful or illusory. The fanciful and the perverse are not that far apart in connotation, and in Miss Sontag they might be said to come together as the hidden gods of the senses that she is seeking to resuscitate. Being of the senses, these gods are regressive; they are never entirely lost. Repressed, they tend to return to the surface of social life at the first opportunity, generally in times of uncertainty and stress. At the present time, Miss Sontag may be seen as part of a regressive manifestation currently underway in most of the arts.

For a number of reasons—its social usefulness, for instance—this movement is least evident in literature. Unfortunately for the new art, the job of explaining its aims and devices, or at least gaining a hearing for them (largely unnecessary in an aristocratic culture), falls mainly to criticism which is a branch of literature, and its most tradition-bound one at that. If we are to take Miss Sontag’s word for it, interpretation (that defuses the explosive nature of art) is far easier to come by today in criticism than understanding. When she speaks of docility as the proper attitude before the new art, and openness of the senses and a lively willingness to understand, she is telling us what most of criticism today is patently not.

The task of understanding, as Miss Sontag sees it, is not a small one when much of the new art is accessible only to those with an extensive and rather special knowledge. In her last essay, on “One Culture and the New Sensibility,” she compares the attainment of this prerequisite learning to the years of study needed to understand modern physics. One may, of course, enjoy the Beatles without having taken philosophy at Harvard (though a little linguistics wouldn’t hurt), but for a theoretical appreciation of the French New Novel, Antonioni’s films of reified heroines, or atonal music, more is needed than a good ear and a flair for generalization. As if by good example, Miss Sontag’s own homework is stubbornly much in evidence. Along with her usually muted tone, it gives rather the impression of an earlier wise child—as docile before her school teachers as she is now before the most horrendous happenings.

It would be tempting to spin out the tale of a prize pupil who grew up to be a heretic. But the prize pupil also grows up to become a teacher. There are strong elements of both, teacher and heretic, in Miss Sontag: who is against hermeneutics and for form, yet seems to interpret more readily than most; who is for the senses, yet whose criticism is unflinchingly cerebral; is extreme yet sane. The quintessential heretic is the restorer, the

conduit of regressive humanity, the student who takes his teachers at their word.

In this light, Miss Sontag’s criticism is as quintessential as one will find these days. There is, in fact, very little that is new in principle about her criticism except its literalness (like the literalness of Norman O. Brown’s insistence on anality in *Life Against Death*). Her argument against interpretation and the content approach to art is hardly new in 1966, nor is it as absolute as some would make it. At various points in history interpretation has been a progressive force in art, and in any case works of art continue to have incidental uses, as sociology, protest, etc. However, neither has anything to do with the work of art in itself, that is, with its esthetic function. The “will at play with itself” is a moral activity.

The Unintentional

To be art, it would also be a social activity. Much is made of this idea by N. O. Brown, who wishes to restore the radical social focus of Freudian psychoanalytic theory, as opposed to the present neo-Freudian emphasis on personal adjustment. The problem is how this very private activity of the will becomes a social act, and thus, art. In *The Liberal Imagination*, Lionel Trilling insisted on a clear demarcation between the activity of the unconscious, dreams and fantasy, and art, which may find its sources in the unconscious but submits to the formal control of the conscious. Sheer fantasy (fancy) has no social value. But Miss Sontag accepts the unintentional in art, and does not make this distinction. “Camp,” for example, is by definition unintentional, and what is one to say of drip paintings, William Burroughs’ cut-ups, both calculated accidents?

The distinction, if there is one, will have to be drawn elsewhere. The activity of the unconscious is essentially passive: dreams are the safety valve of repressed emotions. To be nourishing, in the sense of therapy, they must be understood by the conscious. To be revealing of oneself and thus liberating, they must act on the senses, reveal the senses to themselves, again by way of the conscious. Although this is a therapeutic process, it is the beginning of seeing things differently, the point where we come to the business of art. But art is not mimetic; it is not a mirror of nature, of man’s inner self, or of “reality.” It is an activity of the will on a scale that rises to the esthetic. A banality can be esthetically pleasing (the theme song of the *Lolita* movie, “Ya-Ya,” sparked epiphanies of banality), or it can be just plain stupid. To dip into one is not to wallow into the other, where the mind is fogged and the senses dulled, and both are finally false to themselves. (See Arthur Miller’s “After the Fall,” “The Pawnbroker,” about a concentration camp survivor, and Pasolini’s “The Gospel According to St. Matthew,” and nearly all political speeches—technical perfection isn’t an answer, to think it is, is banal. For

instance, Bond novels, the *New Yorker* and *Time* styles are perfections of technique.)

If for many people today the artist and his work seem to have come uncomfortably close to the fortune teller and her tea leaves, the analogy is not entirely inaccurate. Normally, tea leaves are just tea leaves (the sane view of the world?), but in the presence of a fortune teller they can suddenly take on a different significance. As one tries to decipher the dregs at the bottom of the cup, one is applying a wit of sorts. The whole operation is made possible by a conspiracy, the convention that connects fortune telling and tea leaves, which has a history of its own just as art has. What seems in so much current art like an accumulation indistinguishable from junk, becomes in the art context, in the context of the artist, the occasion for the formal application of wit. Art (wit) is an activity; there is good art and bad art, there is also good art and great art. Between the latter two, the most interesting question is not which is the great art, but rather how they differ, and finally how they can be enjoyed.

Earlier I said that there is very little in principle that is new in Miss Sontag's criticism, but it was not to discount her analyses of the formal developments in the new art, which show an originality of approach, and an openness, that is quite remarkable. This is especially true of her film criticism, where the treatment is close to loving. One of her best comments comes in a piece on Jack Smith's underground movie about transvestites, "Flaming Creatures," when she says that "at practically every moment there is simply a tremendous amount to see on the screen."

The "Marat/Sade" play is another case where there is an awful lot to see, but different from "Flaming Creatures" in that it is the occasion for a number of diverse elements (madness, nursery mime, sadism, history) to act on each other in provocative proximity. Being "about" revolution, its primary activity was not argument, as many thought, but seeing a particularly fruitful terrain in which theater and moral argument come into esthetic play. In other words, a blind alley for the critics who were looking for "content."

Miss Sontag describes the new sensibility as pluralistic; it is both serious and frivolous. In Norman O. Brown's terminology, it is, or is the beginning of, a polymorphous perverse sensibility in art. It has none of the balance of traditional limits, but rather, when viewed in this way, will frequently seem contradictory. If there is a perversity in the new sensibility, it is in its refusal to be pinned down, tethered, "located," either morally/sexually or by the naming of the parts of its effects. It is a moot question whether this unprincipled elan will keep any better than past restorations. Art is risk, and every good piece of art has something of the unprecedented about it. What we are seeing today is the best hope that there still is an art, and a human will to see us through.

LOVE IS ALL

THE SCREEN

By now American movie-goers, including those who look down their noses at American films, realize that not all foreign films are pure gold. Top-ranking film makers everywhere slip up every now and then; and our chagrin is greatest when a new picture by one of the masters (De Sica, John Ford, Renoir, Carol Reed, Satyajit Ray, et al) doesn't come up to expectations. Perhaps that is why "Gertrud" (the latest work of Carl Dreyer, whose earlier films like "The Passion of Joan of Arc," "Ordet," "Day of Wrath" made him known as the *great* Danish director) won epithets that ran the entire gamut from masterpiece to depressing mess when it was shown at last year's New York Film Festival. Now that "Gertrud" is in general release, the rowing will start all over again—and audiences can decide for themselves if there's Dane gold to be gotten here.

My argument with "Gertrud" is not with its deliberately slow direction, its static qualities, its talkiness. These are Dreyer trademarks and he has used them with stunning effect in his films, best of all in his master work, the silent "Joan." Furthermore, these characteristics are more than offset in the plodding, stylized "Gertrud" as in other Dreyer films by other Dreyer characteristics: magnificent lighting and studied grouping of his actors to form beautifully photographed black-and-white pictures reminiscent of great paintings. In this case, Gertrud with her men or Gertrud alone in a lovely room often recalls the stark, revealing work of Edward Hopper. Gertrud is the whole show and she is nicely, though somewhat stolidly, played by Nina Pens Rode, an attractive blonde well beyond the first flush of youth, as a determined and demanding woman whose thesis is that love is the most important thing in life and really the only important thing. The fact that the actors portraying the men in Gertrud's story don't come through with particularly exciting performances may be due to the actors themselves or the film's attitude toward these secondary creatures who refuse to play Gertrud's love-is-all game.

My row with "Gertrud" is not with its old-fashioned film making. Carl Dreyer, now in his 70s, hasn't changed his style with the New Wave boys or the snappy modern comedy techniques—or even been influenced by them. In any case, a well-made film is a well-made film—old or new. But the trouble with "Gertrud" is that it's based on a 1906 play by Hjalmar Soderberg, and the script, written by Dreyer, might also belong back in 1906 with its insistence on a thesis as if we were still trying to free Nora from her doll's house or Mrs. Alving from her ghosts. The dialogue as it follows Gertrud with four of her men is sometimes so silly and old-hat that it becomes

ludicrous. And so, unfortunately for the film, does Gertrud. At the beginning of the picture, she is leaving her lawyer husband because his rising career is so important to him. Then her lover, a young composer, a cad she would be well rid of, refuses to run away with her. Then she turns down an old flame, a poet with whom she once had quite an affair, because his work is of utmost importance to him. At the end, in a sort of epilogue years later, in her lonely cottage Gertrud and a psychiatrist friend are recalling the past; perhaps they are still friends because they never were lovers; but she still insists and even wants on her gravestone: "Love Is Everything."

I doubt if "Gertrud" will have a great following, but anyone interested in cinema should see it; and for Dreyer fans, of whom there are many, it is a must. But even they may get a little impatient with Gertrud and her dated ideas. If the woman had been a little brighter, she would have discarded Tennyson for Byron's "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence."

The French director, Philippe De Broca, who made several risqué comedies with a breezy light touch, shifted his subject matter a few years ago and came up with a wonderful and funny chase thriller in which athletic Jean-Paul Belmondo swung from roof tops and moving vehicles and fled like crazy as "That Man from Rio." Hoping to repeat that successful formula with Belmondo again and this time with Ursula Andress as his running mate, De Broca has fallen flat on his face with "Up To His Ears." Telling a story that stems from Jules Verne about a bored millionaire who is pursued by assassins, De Broca jumps around Asia for fantastic settings from Hong Kong to the heights of the Himalayas. But he uses neither his good backgrounds nor Belmondo well, and the picture becomes a tiresome bore—alas.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

SURVIVING REVIVALS

THE STAGE

It looks as if the stuffing and mounting of old musicals is to be a standard feature of Broadway seasons from here on in. Despite the elegiac implications of this, the prospect is not altogether unpleasant. As time goes by, and future companies try to hold fast to the ancient styles and mannerisms, we may wind up with something as brittle and charming as the D'Oyly Carte renderings of Gilbert & Sullivan. "Guys and Dolls" and "How to Succeed" will be done every year with quaint period-fidelity—like animated prints—by companies of antiquarian specialists.

This day may not be so very far away either. A recent visit to "Annie Get Your Gun" suggests that we may be just about half-way there. Reviewers are wont to say of these revivals that their freshness is undiminished: but this is no more than a tribute to modern embalming methods. "Annie Get Your Gun" is already as rigidly dated as "The Quaker Girl." Those red cheeks may fool a reviewer whose own freshness is not quite what it was. But a young person seeing the show for the first time would be entitled to say, was this your great American musical? This gentle claptrap? These mild jokes and one-two-three songs?

Yes, incredibly it was. By whatever act of faith it was necessary to make at the time, this once seemed an extraordinary show. I remember my own small teen-aged experience with it: crowding into a London theater to see the touring company, standing in the back of the gallery squinting myopically (at that range, you could hardly tell Dolores Gray from Ethel Merman, visually speaking) and listening to tunes which had long since inundated London and become a bore: and relishing every minute of it.

Nothing like that could happen at the New York State Theater. The magic has gone out of the play, and wishing cannot put it back. Several bustling production numbers, obviously meant to duplicate the zest of a first-run, have quite the reverse effect. Trumped-up zest is worse than no zest at all. And there is something melancholy about all those prancing Indians, mechanically churning out "Vitality" the way Agnes de Mille used to make it.

None of which is to suggest that "Annie" is not worth seeing. So long as it acts its age, it scores many small nostalgic victories. The songs were always among Irving Berlin's more simple-minded output (no song-writer has ever split himself in two as Mr. Berlin has: "God Bless America" on one side, the songs from, say, "Top Hat" on the other), but they are good theater-songs, a little better than anything in recent memory. And with Miss Merman crouched in back of them once more they are assured of the fullest possible hearing.

But it is precisely the presence of Miss Merman that proves the show's present limitations and makes it an interesting test case. With most of these revivals, the prevailing escape clause is, you should have seen so-and-so in the part (e.g., the City Center's recent revival of "Where's Charlie?" minus Ray Bolger—without Bolger, what was there left to revive?) But here we do have the original star, a little older but still in her elastic prime, her lungs undiminished, her interpretations undistinguishable from those on the old records—and it *still* is not the same show.

To be sure, her support is not always of the strongest. All the reprises of "No Business Like Show Business" fell down at one point or other the night I was there through someone or other's bad timing. And the dance numbers probably lack that extra edge of sharpness that

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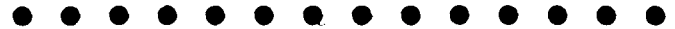
original productions can usually strop themselves into. A revival that allowed itself *all* the resources of a new play, and not just the leading lady, might force a fairer comparison.

Yet the sense remains that a musical comedy is a unique event and that, to paraphrase Heraclitus, you can't step twice into the same one. When the first run ends, and its astral extension, the first touring company, the show is dead and ready for the museums. Unlike straight dramas, the magic does not lurk in the script, but in a concurrence of electrical impulses that is not likely to happen twice. Even if, by some miracle, the cast could be brought again to this lightning point, the audience might not meet it there. And in the theater as elsewhere it takes two to make lightning.

Someday, perhaps, when the originals have been completely forgotten, the classic American musicals will have achieved a special eccentric character of their own (again, like D'Oyly Carte operettas), but right now they are stuck in the awkward phase where memory constricts them, where they would still be the originals if they could, but cannot. So they are best seen with the mildest, most indulgent expectations, as the pleasant memory-joggers that they are, and perhaps as embryonic period-pieces for our descendants to chuckle over.

P.S. Last week, I singled out for faint praise a joke from "Mame," but mentioned that it sounded familiar. It should have. I heard it again, this week, in "Annie Get Your Gun." (*At the New York State Theater*)

WILFRID SHEED



SAM BRADLEY

SPRINGLIGHT

Never the sun more gentle to earth:
and the young green grows.

Who's that looking over the wind's shoulder,
laughing, "And what I woke to
was a dream of waking?"

The terror is dead, I tell you:
and your unbelief is huddled in leaf-mold
of the past autumn. Nomad epics
break from seed. You are shepherded
by the soft fern's rounded staff.

Guess not at dawn-cold wilderness in me
nor at the lost garden. Red clover
haunts the bee. East wind is a torrent
of birdsong. Colt, lamb, calf seek
pastures spontaneous everywhere.
And the young green grows.

BOOKS

Reasserting the power of the imagination

Images of Hope

WILLIAM F. LYNCH

Helicon Press, \$5.95

BERNARD MURCHLAND

The imagination has traditionally been the Cinderella faculty in the hierarchy of mental acts. It has been called upon to do all kinds of mopping up but has rarely been given a place of equal prominence with its sister faculties. It has had to be in by midnight, before the real action begins. This depreciation of imagination is already discernible in Plato, and neither philosophers nor moralists have been at ease with it since.

Perhaps the closest our tradition has come to formulating anything like an adequate theory of imagination was with nineteenth-century Romanticism. Kant laid the foundations of this theory with some respectable, although rigorously formalistic, insights into imaginative activity. Vico must also be counted a forerunner as a result of his investigations into the nature of primitive consciousness. After these two, the trend to recapture a broader setting of human life was firmly launched. Fichte, the von Schlegels, Schelling, the poets Holderlin and Novalis made profound contributions to the aesthetic interpretation of experience, to the new awareness that imagination stands in some essential relation to truth and reality.

As this awareness seeps its way to the English Romantic poets it becomes increasingly dogmatic in tone. Blake equated the imagination with the creative activity of God. Coleridge, in a similar vein, held it to be "the prime agent of all human perception." Wordsworth equated it with truth. Shelley saw in it the prime instrument of moral good. And so it went. Obviously at this point exaggeration is beginning to vitiate the discovery of imagination's primal role. But the important point is that a discovery had been made.

We have not yet absorbed the lessons of Romanticism. We have not yet appreciated imagination's capacity to establish wholeness, identity and health. For this reason we still tend largely to confuse imagination with fantasy (which, of course, is not the same thing at all); for this reason, in good part at least, our age is paralyzed by alienation and fragmentation. Withal, I should say that the Romantic effort to elaborate a satisfactory theory of the imagination has been for the most part abandoned in the twentieth century.

But now and again a book appears which indicates that this judgment may not be totally correct. Such a book is Father William Lynch's *Images of Hope*. He has been at work on a theory of the imagination for some years now. In an earlier work, *Christ and Apollo*, he tried to show that the principal drive of the imagination was "through fantasy and unreality into reality, and that its principal task was the finding and the building and the creating of reality." The present book pursues that line of thought but within the perspective of the mental sciences rather than literature. Here he considers the imagination within a hope-despair dialectic. The new focus, I think, works to his advantage and the view of imagination that emerges is much more complete and on the whole very sound.

Father Lynch takes hope to be the chief human characteristic. He further sees something of an equation between a life of hope and the life of the imagination. The reasons for this conjunction become apparent when we consider hope as "a sense of the possible," a faculty of transcendence that carries us beyond present dilemmas and predicaments toward a fuller vision and a higher synthesis. In his own words: "Hope is energized by the belief in the possibility of getting somewhere, in the possibility of reaching goals." The natural ally of hope is the imagination for it

is "the gift that envisions what cannot yet be seen, the gift that constantly proposes to itself that the boundaries of the possible are wider than they seem." In a word, imagination is the faculty which enables us to live contextually and in so doing resolve conflicts by realizing possibilities.

As such the imagination is the enemy of hopelessness. Despair is caused by a lack of imagination, by our inability to see our way out, by a sense of the impossible. It is attended by an awareness of entrapment, confusion and futility. Mental illness provides the best examples of hopelessness and for this reason constant references to the mental sciences give this book its admirable empirical substance. At bottom mental illness, like despair, is a failure of imagination for it is a failure to get reality into focus, to select realizable possibilities, to establish the proper relations between ourselves and the world about us. In the ensuing confusion our identities dissolve and the world becomes *de trop*. Like Camus' Merseault, our value scheme collapses and we abandon ourselves to the currents of meaninglessness. Nothing matters anymore.

Two aspects of Father Lynch's thesis strike me as particularly commendable. The first is his critique of the causes of hopelessness, the conditions which make imagination impotent. I think the author rightly locates the root cause in "the absolutizing instinct," the urge in all of us to make absolutes out of everything and view the world through the distortions of fantasy. In Father Lynch's own words: "The absolutizing instinct is the father of the hopeless and adds that special feeling of weight that hopelessness attaches to everything it touches. It is, in general, the creator of hopeless projects and the creator of idols." The fact of our condition is that we are finite creatures; the measure of sanity is the extent to which we can fashion goals in terms of disposable means; a

healthy imagination is one that keeps these truths in focus, one that views reality in terms of both possibility and limitation. Imagination fails when the ends-means continuum is disrupted.

This analysis corresponds to what I have called in another context the temptation to idealism. Gnostic strains in religion would be one example of this. Political utopias, another. Whenever mental life is dissociated from the material life and is valued for itself alone, we have a form of idealism. Some religions deny the reality of the world. Some philosophers deny that matter exists. Insane people deny the existence of any objective reality. I think Father Lynch is right to attribute this kind of perversion to a failure of imagination, an inability to get all of reality into focus. Or, as G. E. Moore might say, a failure to give a general description of the *whole* of reality. This observation raises several knotty epistemological problems, which I am sure Father Lynch is aware of although he does not discuss them. But the point here is, and I would agree with it, that even epistemological problems cannot be solved until the problem of the imagination is adequately settled. I fear we are far from such a settlement.

The second commendable feature of this book is its sketch of a metaphysics of hope. Two propositions undergird this analysis. The first is that metaphysics has always been man's deepest effort to get at existence as existence. "The first act of metaphysics," says Father Lynch, "should be to make a solid and prolonged contact with existence itself." The second proposition is that reality is non-conflictual; it does not of itself involve conflict and hopelessness. Rather, properly understood, it is curative. And when we speak of reality we must understand human reality and not some apocalyptic or idealized version of it. Within this context Father Lynch offers a more adequate definition of the imagination. It is "the sum, total of all the forces and faculties in man that are brought to bear upon our concrete world to form proper images of it." Thus imagination is charged with cutting through fantasy

to fact and creating a framework for harmonizing those facts in relation to the scope of human needs and potential. In this way imagination works against fragmentation and towards wholeness. It is primarily an instrument of sanity.

On first reading it may appear to some that much of this is a fairly familiar brand of realism made interesting by its application to the mental sciences and unusual by virtue of the role assigned to the imagination, a role which in former times was played well enough by some other faculty. But that is not the case. Father Lynch has in fact discerned a locus for elaborating a theory of imagination and his outlook is much more related to some recent developments of process philosophy rather than a standard realism. The principal tenet of process philosophy is, in Whitehead's phrase, that creative becoming is the universal category. As a consequence there is a large element of self-creation in human maturation. Within this perspective imagination can be viewed as the faculty of creativity (in something far more than just a fantasy-shaping capacity) and organic wholeness.

This is essentially Fr. Lynch's perspective and indeed the only one in which the imagination can be viewed as a healer.

This Animal Is Mischievous

DAVID BENEDICTUS

New American Library, \$4.95

CHRISTOPHER E. MULVEY

David Benedictus is a brave young writer whose first venture into satire was a Mary MacCarthy-style exposé of the heady and homosexual eroticism of his alma mater, Eton. This he wrote upon arrival at Oxford while still flush with the giddy songs of boating and leave-taking. His third book, *This Animal is Mischievous*, has a larger satirical butt for he chooses to deal with the animal, Man—an animal, in Benedictus's view, because he is a racist. This treatment of the antagonism between Black and White is unusual because the scene is England and the style

is humorous.

The book opens with a naked Negro attacking the naked hero with a blowlamp. The hero is swimming, at the time, in a mountain pool in the Lake District. An arresting and sufficiently bizarre scene, this presents, in elemental style, the components of the anonymous, savage and insane struggle between the Black Extremists and the White Fascists which provide the book with a hilarious but desperate story. The culmination of this war comes with the slaughtering, by Negroes, of a convention of World Fascists on Mount Parnassus as they are about to be addressed by the Imperial Wizard of Alabama. But this, not before a troubled friendship has arisen between the hero, Tim, and his black antagonist of the opening scene, whose name is alternately Tiger and Simon L.

Benedictus' book shows a fascinating combination of a number of well established literary modes. The primary antecedents are first the novels and documents of the American Negro's struggle for freedom, and second the *conjuncta disjuncta* methods of the comic novelist school of Donleavy, Flann O'Brien and, ultimately, Joyce. Novels of this kind do more than reject the 19th century's notion of plot as the basis of the art form. More fundamentally there is a rejection of the Cartesian logic of cause and effect. One event does not lead to another in horizontal pattern. The novelist works with a "field theory" to explain the complexities and interrelationships of experience. A cause does not have a single forward effect but produces a multiplicity of results and adjustments at many different levels both backward and forward in time. In film, the effects of this vision of experience are to be seen in *L'Année Dernière en Marienbad*. The novelist groups and regroups his characters as and how he wants them without explanation as to how they arrive or where they have been. Logic of that order is irrelevant. In this we see the abandonment, consequently, of the 19th century plot device of the coincidence: a convention no longer necessary.

To make these reflections on Benedictus' novel is not to suggest that he originated or has even developed, any of the elements of this art form. He uses these

methods with some skill and much enthusiasm and with the same cheerfulness that he brings to the business of archetypes. These are scattered throughout the book, as is very modish: the Negro, Tiger, is in fact the child of an English white girl by an American Air Force man; Tim's father has a brother, known as no one else but Uncle Tom; educating, driving and inspiring Tiger is an elusive Negro called Mort who, I'll swear, is a Christ figure; Tim's twin sister, Georgina, loves Tiger but is raped to death by the Black Extremists; most suggestive of all is an amnesiac teenage girl found on a searock. She is named, by the hero, Miranda. She has no past—only a future—and, innocent, loves all that is honest—make what you can of that.

Benedictus can write a scene well which depends on ridiculous assault of the sentiments, lurid color and strong accent. He does an excellent job of turning Charing Cross Road into 42nd Street; he has splendid involvements of aging Egyptologists and consumptive Rumanian piano-players or dirty-book-reading fascists and deep-chuckling Negroes but, in the more subtle registers of human relationships, his prose becomes mawkish.

The appearance of the book at all is an illuminating comment on the development of the civil rights movement in England. Although much smaller in scale than the American, it presented in its beginning an agonizing frustrating situation for the British liberal. So pleased to deplore the prejudice shown by other nations, he desperately did not want to find his own country guilty of the 20th century sin. For a long time not only was there nothing done about these issues, but more unfortunately all sides agreed that there were no issues—all sides, that is, but those of the African, the West Indian and the Pakistani.

One of Benedictus' most specific complaints is that among the first measures that the Mother of Parliaments took towards a solution was the 1963 Commonwealth Immigration Act which effectively prevented all colored people from entering the country. Benedictus' satire may be crude, but it is to be welcomed as a healthy indication that "saeva indignatio" is appearing in Britain *about* Britain.

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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011

24 June 1966: 397

This U.S.A.

BEN J. WATTENBERG &
RICHARD M. SCAMMON

Doubleday, \$7.50

ROBERT HASSENGER

The census-taking function prescribed in the Constitution was included for the purpose of assuring equitable representation in the lower Congressional chamber, and this is still one of its principal uses, as current reapportionment squabbles illustrate. But it also serves as the chief source of information about a fast-changing society. Americans are eager to know about themselves, and—as was discovered the night the Northeastern U.S. came unplugged—we may know less than we think.

There was considerable pre-publication hoop-la about this volume by a young journalist working with the former Director of the Census Bureau. If the book is less dramatic than advance notices led one to expect, perhaps its actual availability was somewhat anti-climactic. Or it may be, in a time of sociological over-kill, we expect too much.

Mr. Wattenberg's intent is a noble one. Even non-empiricists can rejoice at an effort to bring facts to bear on Great Society discussions characterized by semantic fuzz and an escalation of catch-phrasing (e.g., Galloping Poverty). "Statistical pointers" drawn from Mr. Scammon's armamentarium can be used to puncture the rhetorical balloons of both doom-criers and confectioners of folk wisdom.

Among the canards clobbered: Catholics have more children—false: Baptists do, with Catholics only a negligible fraction above the "total Protestant" rate (although they are the highest urban group); there are legions of unemployed and "invisible poor"—false: the "numbers-poverty" of Keyserling and Harrington is often not "real poverty," in the sense of a lack of basic necessities (any poor are too many, of course), and unemployment rates are inflated by counting teen-agers, those looking only for short-term work, wives interested in earning a little money, etc.; the educa-

tional system is going to hell and drop-outs are increasing—false: higher proportions of kids from every income level are getting more and better schooling than ever; the federal bureaucracy is mushrooming—perhaps, but there was a greater growth in state and local than national government, between 1950 and 1960; the highway bloodbath is appalling—it *is*, but only numbers of auto deaths are up, with *rates* down (more cars on the road). And so on, for 520 pages (including an appendix with maps, graphs, charts, photos and summary census tables), all done in a style reminding the reader that statistics are *people*.

Only the most sanguine, of course, will expect a moratorium on cliché-rattling. Debates will undoubtedly continue to rage with more stridency than information. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the brouhaha over the Moynihan Report. Both warring factions might be referred to this volume. There is an abundance of data to support Moynihan's basic case. Negro families are larger, less stable, more likely to be headed by a woman and to include non-family members; the non-white illegitimacy rate is almost ten times the white rate. But to talk of *rates* is not to slander an entire group: if one in four Negro families is unstable, this does not mean Negro families are "only seventy-five per cent as stable" as white families; the other three may be *more* stable. Majority characteristics are not at issue.

Critics of the Report will also find several megatons of facts here. A tremendous disparity between white and Negro income still exists: "regardless of level of education, on an income standard the Negro today can still be counted as that 'three-fifths of a person' that the *unamended* Constitution declared him to be" (his italics). But the gap has been slowly closing; literacy is up, young Negroes are better educated, and occupy positions in a number of "seed" professions (teachers, social, welfare and recreation workers) which, while presently low-paying, are moving tortuously upward. The vicious circle of manual labor inherited by succeed-

ing generations is beginning to be broken.

Which is not to contend things are peachy; far from it. They remain scandalous. But they are looking up—Mr. LeRoi Jones to the contrary notwithstanding—and it is a disservice to Negroes and whites to pretend that "top speed" and "now" are identical. This is misleading, and therefore cruel.

The commitment of Mr. Wattenberg to Negro-white parity is unimpeachable, but he couples this to a refreshing toughmindedness. His insistence that Americans are better served, in the long run, by social fact than by fiction may be the major contribution of this book.

Hoffa and the Teamsters

RALPH & ESTELLE JAMES

Van Nostrand, \$6.95

Tentacles of Power

CLARK R. MOLLENHOFF

World, \$6.50

WILLIAM B. GOULD

Both of these books tell us that Jimmy Hoffa—despite his convictions which are on appeal as of this writing—wields a great deal of power in the United States today. Ralph and Estelle James summarize the economic facts of collective bargaining life in this manner:

"The word 'bargain' suggests a pattern of give and take; Webster says it means 'to dicker' or 'to haggle.' Such words, though, are not appropriate descriptions of Hoffa-led negotiations.

"One or both of us discussed five sets of negotiations with Hoffa long before the 'bargaining' was completed. In each case he correctly predicted the contractual terms which ultimately emerged. Not only can Hoffa predict the outcome; but, within a broad range, he can actually impose the wage plus fringe benefits package he desires. He superintends the minutest bargaining details, argues over the exact wording of the contract and personally dictates the final version."

And Clark Mollenhoff reports how Hoffa repeatedly ignored the author's

advice to clean up the scandals revealed by the McClellan Committee rather than lend his talents to the brutal game of empire building. In Mollenhoff's book also one learns that Hoffa has the very ultimate in union power. But at this point the books diverge sharply, for *Hoffa and the Teamsters* is written, as the authors state, "neither to praise or damn Jimmy Hoffa," while *Tentacles of Power*, as one might suspect from its title, is a morality play with Hoffa cast as the villain.

The latter book is perhaps characteristic of the press coverage which has made the International Brotherhood of Teamsters' President's name a household dirty word. Mollenhoff, ever scornful of labor experts who are too naive to fully comprehend the diabolical nature of corrupt labor leaders, is interested solely in the long list of investigations, hearings and trials which have surrounded Hoffa and his entourage for the past decade. He is too preoccupied with newspaper headlines to conduct a careful or balanced analysis.

Mollenhoff has a James Bond flair for the dramatic that can be very embarrassing to even this reader. At one point he tells of a spur of the moment nocturnal visit which he made to Hoffa's home in Detroit and how he (Mollenhoff) gave the taxi driver his name in the event that he should be the victim of foul play. One gains the impression that the author may have invented this rather silly surprise visit for the purpose of drama alone. (Mollenhoff's conversations with Hoffa—which are liberally sprinkled through the book—seem like one long recording in which the author is continually asking the labor leader to go straight. Incidentally, all of Mollenhoff's conversations have a very unreal quality about them.)

Further, for some strange reason, Mollenhoff is under the impression that the late John Kennedy's not being associated with the 1959 Landrum-Griffin Act was a defeat for the then Senator. On the contrary, Kennedy disassociated himself from that unpopular legislation which extended Taft-Hartley

prohibitions of legitimate and peaceful organizational and recognition picketing. Only Hoffa himself attempted to pin Landrum-Griffin on Kennedy. The latter disclaimed principal authorship of the measure.

Such lack of knowledge stands in contrast with *Hoffa and the Teamsters*. Covering all expenses themselves, the authors examined union files, and attended grievance and pension meetings at the invitation of Hoffa. The portrait that they paint is of an extremely capable trade union leader whose "agile well-disciplined mind" has no time for subjects unrelated to union business. Through the James's, we witness Hoffa playing off employers against the membership and local officers, stepping into San Francisco uninvited so as to restrain the local union's superior bargaining position and bring it into line with his goal of a uniform national agreement. We see Hoffa utilize the "open end" grievance procedure (he is opposed to arbitration) to accomplish objectives which he cannot legally achieve through the

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secondary boycott; and his much criticized use of the Pension Fund for political ends. All of this he does, combining "the business sense of an industrial tycoon with the political instinct of a big city boss and the showmanship of a vaudeville entertainer."

The James's make it clear that the personality of James Riddle Hoffa has had an undeniable impact on the economic well being of Teamster members—and it is for the better. Moreover, Hoffa can take real pride in ridding the parochial Joint Councils of their narrow concern for freight within their own jurisdiction and in expanding the Teamster Union's horizons to organizing the unorganized—especially the union-resistant South.

Surely Hoffa's achievements are not at all insignificant. But when all of this is said, it is yet almost impossible to sweep away the unflattering side of that ruthless streak which has served him so well. The James's wonder out loud whether Hoffa the investment banker has not seriously impaired Hoffa the trade union leader. And they write that "Hoffa relates with glee the beatings he and his cohorts administered to employer and rival union personnel" in past years. If accurate, these are very sad epitaphs for the leader of America's largest trade union.

RIVERS: BOY PAINTER



ART

Larry Rivers is 42 years old but after an intensely active decade as a painter and sculptor he still seems to be the very image of a boy wonder. His painterly gifts and his linear and formal facility are dazzling, but they are scattered in the broad sweep of his work like fireworks over a Long Island landscape. In the catalogue for the retrospective exhibit currently touring museums in the United States, he remarks that "now it is a flatter and faster life." It is, but art cannot be pure journalism, and Rivers often seems dead set on having it

so. Rivers is like those talkative prodigies who have centuries of learning at their fingertips but cannot write a doctor's thesis. His footwork is dazzling, but he has no knockout punch.

It's not that he doesn't work hard—he works as if he were embarked on a filibuster. Like Francis Bacon, the brilliant British painter with whom he shares a far-ranging interest in current events and in works of art of the past as source material for his work, he paints voluminously; he paints like a Balzac or Dickens. However, it is seldom that he takes real pains with his work or pursues it to a whole-hearted conclusion. Unlike Bacon, who is driven by a sort of viciousness to concentrate, his results often go up in smoke. The more ambitious the enterprise, the more dispersed and insubstantial the result; the very buoyancy of his gifts lead him to ride off in all directions. This is not only true of his huge early panorama *George Washington Crossing the Delaware* with its lovely passages (there are also charming line studies for it), but of his up-to-the minute Pop-ish encyclopedia, *The Russian Revolution*.

Kenneth Koch is quoted as having said Rivers was "all intuition and no sense," but if this were really so, poetic coherence should wrap up the greater part of his compositions, and this is not the case. The fact is, his sense and intuition seem to be at loggerheads. His literal sense of what he is about—whether it is a literary or an aesthetic scheme—often sets up static interference with the clear message of his color, line and form. In forging beyond "action painting" to create a new figurative language, he can appear afflicted with self-conscious schizophrenia, or now and then seem merely an action painter manqué. Rivers' sense is just not well integrated with his intuition, and he has not yet learned to master the liveliness of both.

Another youthful attribute of Rivers is that he is mythology-prone; he is apt to make gods out of the effects of other artists. The terrible painting named "*I Like Ingres—A Copy*" makes one want to say "but Ingres does not like *You*." In the case of DeKooning he has made a god of his color transparencies, but

where DeKooning's dynamic forms spring out of the color, in Rivers they inhabit it like ghosts in an overexposed film. Hoffman's color reasoning he has absorbed more intimately (Hoffman was his teacher) and some of his finest painting is the happy result—for example, "*Buick Painting With a P*," a raident painting informed, instead of deformed, by the dictum "flatter and faster."

One of the painters of the past to whom Rivers is most addicted is Courbet, with whom he has a good many qualities in common—to begin with, his extraordinary technical gifts, his garrulousness, and what Henry James once called "a blighting lack of imagination." "*The Burial*" and "*The Studio*" are two of the most successful re-incarnations of earlier works of art in Rivers' oeuvre, as a consequence of this affinity with the 19th century French artist. If the "scheme" of presentation in "*The Burial*" is derived from Courbet's "*Burial at Ornans*" and the 'scheme' of "*The Studio*" from Courbet's painting of the same name, they are flat-footed schemes that Rivers might have invented if they didn't already exist. It is significant that Rivers' brashly literal early nudes, or sentimental works such as those of the "Veteran" group, are embarrassing in just the way that Courbet's crashing lapses from taste can be—they fall with a bang instead of a whimper.

If a lot of Rivers' work is haunted by the banal, the superficial and the show-off, his real quality as a painter and draughtsman (and a sculptor; in that field perhaps a lesser facility makes him more terse) place him beyond real



REVIEWS

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ridicule. The very audacity of the ambition that leads him to make some of his worse gaffes, makes the nature of his eventual fate open to a great possibility.

Seeing the Larry Rivers retrospective exhibition, one has the impression of assisting at either the making or undoing of a major talent, but major talent there is, busting out all over. The boy wonder may grow up to harness his wild surmises.

BETTY KAUFMAN

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 381)

to what he calls "one of the eucharistic parables"—that of the marriage feast—he writes: "It is true that not all who are called are chosen. But they ought at least to be called. Goodwill seems to be the principal criterion here. I am aware, of course, that there are canonical objections to this proposal. But I have not heard of any insuperable theological ones."

It seems strange that the one significant part of this parable which Father Murchland does not refer to is the conclusion, where the order is given to cast into the darkness outside, where there shall be weeping and the gnashing of teeth, the man who was called and came, but had not on the wedding garment—traditionally explained as the possessing of sanctifying grace.

May I suggest as a theological objection to what seems to be ultra-liberalism and false ecumenism—against which we have been warned by Popes John and Paul—the effective ignoring of the Sacrament of Penance. Was this sacrament instituted by Christ for the cleansing of our souls of post-Baptismal serious sin, or was it not? To admit to the Eucharistic table—in fact, to invite to it—those who deny the need of the Sacrament of Penance, either in itself or for themselves, and those who may not be in their Baptismal innocence, is to court the commission of sacrilege.

One wonders what has become of the admonition of St. Paul, repeated in the Gospel of the Mass of the Lord's Supper, on Holy Thursday: "Whoever eats the bread or drinks the cup of the Lord un-

worthily, will have to answer for the body and the blood of the Lord."

(REV.) THOMAS S. HANRAHAN

Reply

Fredericton, N. B.

To the Editors: Father Hanrahan raises a good point. The matter of Penance is related to the Eucharist.

I should like to say, first of all, that I am aware of the conclusion to the parable. I referred to it when I wrote: "It is true that not all who are called are chosen." I am certainly not advocating reception of the Eucharist unworthily or indiscriminately. Quite the contrary. I have no idea what happened to St. Paul's admonition. But I, for one, am quite mindful of it.

On the other hand, Penance need not be a necessary condition for receiving the Eucharist. Those without serious sin, for example, can go to communion without prior Confession.

I have two further thoughts on the matter. Penance itself could be canonically structured in a much more liberal fashion. Secondly, we have not yet adequately investigated the healing power of the Eucharist itself. Can sins be forgiven through the act of receiving the Eucharist? I think a good case can be made for an affirmative answer, although I can scarcely go into that large matter here.

In sum, then, I agree with Father Hanrahan that Penance is relevant. I also agree that those who deny the need of Penance (or shall we say repentance?) could scarcely be considered worthy recipients of the Eucharist. But what form shall this take? There are problems here. But not, in my opinion, insuperable ones.

(REV.) BERNARD MURCHLAND, C.S.C.

Clerical Celibacy

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: Your excellent article by Professor Dewart was a major contribution to reasoned discussion of priestly celibacy today. I wish to raise one point with regard to his eschatology.

Why is the view of the parousia as a "discrete, catastrophic apocalypse" in

necessary contradiction to seeing it as an "intrinsically temporal and historical event?" When God completes the transformation of the world will it not be at a particular point in time at which the creation He is building will have reached the full measure of its growth? Will not the splendor of this "new heavens and new earth" be spectacular to human eyes which have been all too long dulled by evil and etched with suffering? How can we describe in humanly meaningful terms the total victory of Goodness and Beauty over evil and ugliness except by calling it spectacular or apocalyptic? Will not the Christogenesis of the world grow to a time of self-realization which will be the threshold point for the complete presence of the Father to His creation in Christ?

In the risen body of Christ the parousia has begun. It is not totally in the future, but its completion can be both intrinsically temporal and historical as well as apocalyptic and spectacular. A "new theology" conceptualization should throw out an "old theology" conceptualization only when it can prove the intrinsic necessity for doing so. Why must the "fulfillment of God's gracious incarnation . . . self temporalization and self historicization" of necessity be non-catastrophic and spectacular?

PETER HOHEISEL



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